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September 1, 1966

Mrs. Barbara Epstein and Mr.
Robert B. Silvers, co-editors
The New York Review of Books
250 West 57th. St.,
New York, N.Y. 10019

Dear Co-Editors,

I have just received a copy of The London Evening Standard for August 26 in which both Hopkins are quoted.

If this story is correct, it would seem that the author of what you presented as a review is a competitor who sud only finds his work has already been done by another and serves no point.

This being the case, and with the New York Review, without so informing its readers, becoming the publisher of this book, is not further edition to our correspondence now in order. I am quite anxious to hear from you about this. I would prefer a denial of everything in the Standard story. If this is impossible, some explanation would certainly seem in order.

Until that time, let me inform you the sale of WHITEWASH continues very good, despite the competition, some of which has already fallen by the wayside. The printer is now finishing the third 5,000. Fewer than 300 of the First 10,000 remained unsold as of my last check. All of this without benefit of any cash to spend on advertising, with improvised distribution, with the persisting fiction in major elements of the press that a private printing does not exist, with the open animosity of other major segments of the press, and with all the handicaps of offset reproduction of the typescript, ~~[illegible]~~ but seem to those less than intimate with the more arcane aspects of whatis called literary criticism to be ~~[illegible]~~ [This publishing news. Of course, WHITEWASH also lacked the great benefits bestowed by the really competent editing of the competition. No doubt you have also heard how extensive this has been.

I regret that the necessities of a reluctant or unwilling publisher who still is a writer preclude the possibility of the retyping of this letter. As the reading public has accepted the roughdraft bitterness of WHITEWASH, so I hope you will not take offense at the roughdraft condition of this letter

Sincerely yours,

Gerald Weisberg

[illegible]